

WM. HOFFMAN,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER
 U. S. Circuit Court Commissioner
 For the District of Oregon.
 OFFICE—First Door North of Beckman's
 Banking House.
 Deeds and other instruments of writing carefully prepared, and acknowledgments taken. Applications for Homestead Entries, Pre-emption Rights and Private entry of land prepared.
 Jacksonville, August 4, 1866.

SUTTON & HYDE,
AGENTS FOR
 LYON'S KATHAIRON,
 LYON'S EX'T GINGER,
 LYON'S ELEA POWDER,
MAGNOLIA WATER.
 [Jacksonville, Sept. 29, 1866—17]

AMERICAN EXCHANGE,
 Corner of Washington and Front Streets,
 PORTLAND, OREGON.

L. P. W. QUIMBY,
 (LATE PROPRIETOR OF THE "WESTERN HOTEL,")
 HAVING TAKEN THE ABOVE HOUSE,
 and entirely **REFITTED AND REFURNISHED** it, is now prepared to receive and accommodate his friends and former patrons, and the general travelling public. For safety in the event of fire, and the convenience of guests, a **SECOND PASSAGE** has been opened to the **SLEEPING APARTMENTS**, which are commodious and especially arranged for the accommodation of families. **WARM AND COLD BATHS** attached to the house.
 This house is located near the Steamboat Landing than any other in
 Portland.
 will be in attendance at the several Landings to convey guests and their baggage, and from the house **FREE OF CHARGE**. The house has a large **Fire-Proof Safe** for valuables. The Proprietor will undertake that nothing shall be left undone to render his house attractive, and guests comfortable. oct51f

THE HOTEL COACH
 will be in attendance at the several Landings to convey guests and their baggage, and from the house **FREE OF CHARGE**. The house has a large **Fire-Proof Safe** for valuables. The Proprietor will undertake that nothing shall be left undone to render his house attractive, and guests comfortable. oct51f

R. DUGAN, J. G. WALL.
DUCAN & WALL,
FORWARDING AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS,
 Brick Building,
 Corner of Front and F Streets,
CRESCENT CITY.

THEY WILL ATTEND TO THE RECEIVING and forwarding of all goods entrusted to their care, with promptness and dispatch. They have fitted up two large buildings for storing goods, and have made arrangements so that merchants doing business through them will not suffer by any overcharges, or lose any just claim for goods lost.
 Consignments solicited. Merchandise received on storage. ju21f

P. B. COFFIN,
HOUSE PAINTER,
 IS NOW IN POSSESSION OF THE ENTIRE stock of materials and tools formerly belonging to Costello & Coffin. Mr. Costello having withdrawn, P. B. Coffin will continue the business, and can be found at his shop.
 Corner of C and Third Streets,
 prepared to do work in a workmanlike manner and at reasonable rates.
 Jacksonville, Oct. 15, 1867. oct19f

EL DORADO,
 S. E. Cor. Cal. & Ogn. Sts. Jacksonville, O.
S. M. FARREN.

NEW BROOMS SWEEP CLEAN!
THEN GO TO PREATER'S
BROOM MANUFACTORY
 AND BUY THE BEST IN THE MARKET.
AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.
 Factory on corner of Oregon and Main Sts. by the Odd Fellows' Hall, and opposite the Franco-American Restaurant.
 Jacksonville, Nov. 29th, 1867. nov30-fm

FAY UP—LAST CALL.
ALL THOSE INDEBTED TO US ARE hereby notified to come forward and pay up by the first day of January ensuing, as it will certainly be to their interest to do so, as we cannot do business without money to meet our own liabilities; and furthermore, desiring it for the best interest of all concerned, we have determined to establish a strict cash basis in business after the first day of January, 1868, and will not depart from it.
SUTTON & HYDE
 Jacksonville, Dec. 19th, 1867. dec21f

LIME! LIME!
BUILDERS AND OTHERS WHO DESIRE the best quality of lime, in quantities to suit, at my shop on Main street, between Oregon and Third, opposite Muller & Brentano's store. In my absence, Mr. Alex. Martin will wait upon customers.
STONE CUTTING
 AND
Stone Mason Work
 done on terms to suit the times. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.
JOHN R. PEACOCK.
 Jacksonville, April 26, 1867. apr7

Oregon Sentinel.

VOL. XIII. JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1868. NO. 1

BUSINESS NOTICES.
Peter Britt,
Photographic Artist,
 JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Ambrotypes,
Photographs,
Cartes de Visite
 DONE IN THE FINEST STYLE OF ART.
Pictures Reduced
 OR ENLARGED TO LIFE SIZE.

DR. A. B. OVERBECK,
Physician & Surgeon,
 JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
 Office at his residence, in the Old Overbeck Hospital, on Oregon Street.

E. H. GREENMAN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
 OFFICE—Corner of California and Fifth Streets, Jacksonville, Ogn.
 He will practice in Jackson and adjacent counties, and attend promptly to professional calls. feb21f

DR. A. B. OVERBECK'S
BATH ROOMS,
 In the Overbeck Hospital,
 WARM, COLD & SHOWER BATHS,
 SUNDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS.

F. GRUBE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
 OFFICE—Near M E Church, Jacksonville, Oregon.
 Jacksonville, D. C. 21st, 1867. dec21-f

DR. LEWIS GANUNG,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON AND
Obstetrician.
 WILL attend to any who may require his services. Office adjoining N. Lange's shoe shop, on north side California Street, Jacksonville. nov21f

DR. HUFELAND'S
SWISS STOMACH BITTER!
TRY IT!
 The best Purifier of the Blood!
 A Pleasant Tonic!
 A very Agreeable Drink!
 Unsurpassed for acting directly but gently on the secretions of the kidneys, bowels, stomach and liver!
TRY IT!
 For sale at all wholesale and retail liquor, drug and grocery stores.

NOBODY SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT!
 J. G. FRANCE, Proprietor,
 TAYLOR & BENDEL, Sole Agents,
 413, Clay St. San Francisco.
 jeb15-ly apno.

Warren Lodge No. 10. A. F. & A. M.
 HOLD their regular communications on the Wednesday Evening or preceding the full moon, in JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
 W. A. MARTIN, W. M.
 C. W. SAVAGE, Sec'y.

The Best Remedy for Purifying the Blood, Strengthening the Nerves, Restoring the Lost Appetite, is
FRESE'S HAMBURG TEA.
 It is the best preservative against most any sickness, if used timely. Composed of herbs only, it can be given safely to infants. Full directions in English, French, Spanish and German, with every package. TRY IT!
 For sale at all the wholesale and retail drug stores and groceries.
EMIL FRESE, Wholesale Druggist,
 Sole Agent, 410 Clay Street,
 juy14y1 San Francisco.

BOOT AND SHOE MAKERS.
NOTICE.—Having disposed of our Factory, we are now prepared to give our whole attention to our Leather and Finding business. On hand, direct from France, Galf & Kip, Domestic Leather, Boot Legs, etc.
JOHN G. HEIN, | L. FAYRE, | JOHN BRAY,
 New York. | Paris. | San Francisco.
 Address, HEIN & BRAY, San Francisco
 41a Battery Street

Plows! Plows!
By cases of ten each or set up.
 Harrison's Cultivators, Farm Mills (all kinds), Older Mills, Hay Cutters, (all sizes) Fanning Mills, (all sizes) CORN SHELLERS (double and single hand and horse power), Wagons, Carts, with a large and full assortment of all kinds of AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, all which will be sold at greatly reduced prices—at wholesale or retail.
J. D. ARTHUR & SON,
 Corner of Du'is and California Streets,
 oct12m3 San Francisco.

Notice.
ALL PERSONS INDEBTED TO US MUST positively pay by the first day of January next. A settlement or note is not what we want. We want the money due us, and persons owing us must positively pay up.
GLENN, DRUM & CO.
 Nov. 22d, 1867. nov23-2m

THE OREGON SENTINEL.
 PUBLISHED
 Every Saturday Morning by
B. F. DOWELL,
 OFFICE, CORNER 'C' & THIRD STREETS
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
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TERMS OF ADVERTISING:
 One square (10 lines or less), first insertion, Three Dollars; each subsequent insertion, One Dollar. A discount of fifty per cent will be made to those who advertise by the year.
 Legal Tenders received at current rates.

Old Times.
 There's a beautiful song on the slumbers air,
 That drifts through the valley of dreams;
 It comes from a clime where the roses were,
 And a tenuous hair and bright brown hair
 That waved in the morning breeze.

Soft eyes of azure and eyes of brown,
 And snow-white foreheads are there;
 A glimmering Cross and a glittering Crown,
 A thorny bed and a couch of down,
 Last hopes and lastets of prayer.

A breath of Spring in the breezy woods,
 Sweet wafts from the quivering pines—
 Blue violet eyes beneath green hoods,
 A bubble of brooklets, a scent of birds,
 Bird warblers and clambering vines.

A ray wreath and a dimpled hand,
 A ring and a slighted vow—
 Three golden links of a golden band
 A tiny truck on the snow-white sand,
 A tear and a stainless law.

There's a tincture of grief in the beautiful song,
 That solo in the slumbers air,
 And loneliness felt in the festive throng,
 Sinks down on the soul as it trembles along
 From a clime where the roses were.

We heard it first at the dawn of day,
 And it mingled with matin chimes;
 But years have distanced the beautiful lay,
 And its melody flows from far away,
 And we call it now Old Times.

Chased by the "Maria"
 "Where is the Captain?" asked somebody. Well, I was the Captain, and there I was. Not really the Captain, either, but all one as the Captain; for I had just finished putting the machinery into the *Firefly*, and was to run it a month before it was accepted. So I was virtually in command for the time.

"Oh! you are the man I wish to see, are you?" asked the voice; and then the face behind the voice looked into the engine-room where I was sitting. The face was bright and keen and pretty, and belonged, as I knew at once, to Mrs. Galloway, the wife of a coal merchant up in the city.

"Are there any boats faster than yours, Captain Burbank?" she continued, in her quick, business way.
 "None, unless it may be the *Victoria*. The *Firefly* will beat out any other craft on the river; I can promise you that."

"Are you sure she is faster than the *Maria*?" asked Mrs. Galloway, anxiously.
 "Oh yes! I will stand her against the *Maria* twice over," I replied.
 "It is all right then. I wish to engage you and your boat to run over to Vancouver with a bridal party, at sunrise to-morrow. We shall be chased probably; but the *Maria* is the only other boat which can be chartered, I learn. We may depend on you, may we?"

"Certainly. I will have you there long enough before the *Maria* can make the passage, or I will blow up the boat," I replied.
 "Punctually at sunrise, then!" she said, and ran off with the air of a woman who had held the world on her shoulders, but felt entirely equal to it.

It was something new to see a woman doing business without saying the same thing over and over, to make sure—or a man either, for that matter; and I felt certain she would succeed in bringing her undertaking to pass, whatever it might be. And so she did. The party came on board just as the sun was making ready to rise over the Cascade Mountains, and directly we left the wharf with the never-ending puff and snort characteristic of all small river boats.

Down past the town; past the steamship wharf; past the saw-mill, and so along the river, with a high bluff on the right, and a narrow strip of low, wet country on the left, between the river and the mountains; past Swan Island, with its low, green banks and its one house, which is deserted at time

of high water; past mountain ranges farther down, covered with dark-green firs, with now and then a bit of clearing and a house; past two or three little villages; and then out of the sluggish Willamette at last, into the strong waters of the Columbia river.

I think in all the world—and I have been over it a deal in my day—I have never beheld a more beautiful sight than one sees from the deck of a boat at this point. The river is a mile wide, and upon the opposite side Mount St. Helens, though miles away, seems to rise a high, snow-crowned cone, from the water; while looking up the Columbia one sees Mount Hood, also snow-crowned and glistening, and also apparently rising from the water in an impassable barrier. Just make the picture in your mind. The swift, rough river, swollen by the melted snows of the far North and the Rocky Mountains; its banks covered with every shade of green, from the vivid brightness of spring-time to the dark heavy color of the ever-green firs—and the whole contrasted with and glorified by five mountains capped with perpetual snow.

And yet it is certainly true that the grandeur and beauty was all lost on the bride, who turned her handsome black eyes restlessly back the way we came and anxiously forward toward the little city of Vancouver, which appears in the distance on the farther shore as we round the corner.

Suddenly the shrill scream of a steam-whistle sounded from behind us. We had fairly made the turn of the river and already lost sight of the waters of the Willamette, but looking across the bend over the low cotton-wood and willows which covered the bank, we saw a line of puffing steam coming nearer and nearer on our track.

All this time the bride had been sitting close by me, aft in the engine-room away from her party, for I could not have them all below, and now with a frightened look that made her handsomer than ever, she cried out,
 "Oh, Captain Burbank! she is gaining on us; do you know it?"

"Guess not much," I replied, carelessly. "That must be the *Maria*, I am thinking; and I never considered the *Maria* a boat to be compared with the *Firefly* for speed. But, however, Miss, this is quite an important step you are about to take, and now is a grand opportunity to consider the matter over. Isn't it possible you have been too hasty? It is not too late yet to come back of it, but in half an hour it will be all over with you. Remember the knot you can tie in a minute you will be a long time untying."

But all the reply the silly thing gave was,
 "Oh, Captain Burbank, they are gaining on us fast!" And then she grew pale, and began to tremble like a popular leaf.

Putting two and two together I had made out the whole story to my own satisfaction. The bridegroom was a man from California who had been in Portland for the year past without any visible business that I had discovered, only, as it seemed now, to make love to this beautiful Miss Miriam Jacobs, who was an orphan and an heiress. Mr. Galloway was her guardian, that I always knew; and I also knew he had been opposed to her marriage with somebody, and had made legal prohibition of it.

So, of course, there was nothing left for true love in order to run smooth but to run out of the State into Washington Territory, the fashionable Gret-na Green of Northern Oregon.

Yes, certainly, and if some one opposed it, especially her husband, that was enough to make Mrs. Galloway ready to move heaven and earth to bring a marriage to pass. So here we were—Miss Jacobs, the bridegroom, Mrs. Galloway, and the *Firefly*—two-thirds and more of the way from Portland to Vancouver, and there was Mr. Galloway and his prohibition in hot pursuit on the *Maria* behind us.

The *Maria* was really gaining rapidly, that was a fact; but I wasn't afraid of her. I knew what I was about, and was minded to have a little fun out of the trip for myself (I always did like to plague my sister's kitter

when I was a boy). So I let the *Maria* come within a mile of us, in full view and still gaining; then she sounded three signal-whistles in token she wished to speak with us. The bride looked weak as a potato-blossom, and I confess I began to feel some as though I was a cat playing with a mouse. But I said nothing, and made no answer to the signal-whistles, which where repeated, only to move off leisurely and open out the engine, which, to tell the truth, I had throttled down when the smoke of the *Maria* first showed itself.

Then, with a sudden shiver and tremble, the wheels started as though a soul had been put in them, the boat shook in every plank and joint, and the glasses on the table began to jump and jingle as if they had just discovered they were invited to a wedding, and had a mind to get up a little dance among themselves upon it.

I wish you could have seen the change in the face and whole figure of the bride as the boat sprang forward with such eager life and power. She looked as though Atlas had suddenly come back and taken the whole round world off her shoulders, which he had left upon them while he went himself after some golden apple or another.

And I am thinking Captain Bookstaver, over on the *Maria*, got some new and sudden ideas into his brain about the strength and swiftness of the *Firefly*.

So, of course, although I slowed down the engine once or twice after that till the *Maria* was close upon us, just for the sport of racing away from her again, we touched the Vancouver wharf before her; and the magistrate, who had been telegraphed for and was standing on the pier in waiting, came on board in the shutting of a fan.

The ceremony was not very long nor very impressive, I promise you, but it was stronger than a gate of brass in a legal point of view; Mrs. Galloway had seen to that.

"If you mutually promise to love one another, join your hands. I pronounce you man and wife by the authority vested in me as magistrate of this Territory," said he. And there they were, married as tight as legal power could do it.

Whish! Whish! Whish! screamed the *Maria*, scarcely more than a boat's length behind us. But she might as well have been leagues away.

It was all over, and there was nothing for Mr. Galloway but to make the best of it. So he came on board, and for aught I know gave his consent and his blessing. At any rate, they went back to Portland together, and that evening the ceremony was repeated at church with all due pomp and bridal array.

STEELE has been presenting measures in the Assembly toward driving out Chinese from our country and yet he has another bill to build roads by state prison convicts, whose expenses he calculates paying partially from the Chinese mining tax. Our Assemblyman appears to have a deadly grudge against our county treasury, and seems determined to devise some leverage to devour it, funded debt and all, else he would not favor one bill that looks like defeating the success of another, unless he thinks white men here are willing to be taxed higher than ever.—*Yreka Journal.*

THE *Chicago Times*, the leading Democratic paper of the Northwest, makes the following statement: "Wherever the negro has been tested as a slave, as a freedman, as citizen, as an employee, as a soldier, as a voter, he has not failed to come up to the fullest requirements of those various positions."

DEMOCRATIC ECONOMY.—The S. F. *Bulletin* says: "Every department, and every office in the municipal government has either applied, or is preparing to do so, for authorization to spend more money. The lists of demands for this city alone is formidable enough to embarrass a State."

Beecher says people who think it wicked to black their boots on Sunday morning, do not hesitate to black their neighbor's reputation on week days.

Views of the Secretary of the Treasury.

The public debt of the Federal Government bears so heavily on all citizens, that every annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury, even if poorly written, must be a very interesting document; but Mr. McCulloch's reports are attractive by the excellence of their style, the boldness of their opinions, and the weight of their arguments, as well as by the importance of the subject; and his last report is perhaps more impressive than any that has preceded it. Upon the proposition to pay off the bonds in greenbacks he is especially emphatic. He says:

"But the Government has no United States notes in the Treasury, and as the annual receipts are not likely hereafter to be much in excess of the expenditures, and as a new loan to raise money for the purpose of violating an agreement under which a previous loan was negotiated would be impracticable, there would be no way in which the bonds now redeemable could be paid as has been proposed, except by putting the printing presses again at work, and issuing more promises, which must themselves eventually be paid in coin, converted into coin bonds, or repudiated. This process of making money seems an easy one, but our own experience, and the experience of every other nation that has tried it, proved to be neither judicious nor profitable. As the paper circulation of the country is already redundant, it would be lessened in value by every addition to it, and, by the distrust thus created, its depreciation would doubtless be in a greater ratio even than the additions would bear to the volume to which they would be added. It is not too much to say, that an additional issue of five hundred millions of United States notes would reduce the seven hundred millions of paper money now in circulation, to one-half their present value; so that a legal tender note or a National Bank note, now worth seventy per cent. in coin, would not be worth more than thirty-five per cent., even if the apprehension of further issues did not place it on a par with Confederate notes at the collapse of the rebellion. The bonds would of course decline in value with the currency in which they would be payable. Can any one seriously propose thus to depreciate, if not to render valueless, the money and securities of the people? Can any one, knowing the effect which such an issue would have upon the Government bonds, upon the currency now afloat, upon business, upon credit, upon the morals, seriously advocate such a measure, not as a matter of necessity, but to anticipate the payment of debts due many years hence? The statement of the proposition exposes its wickedness. When fairly considered, it cannot fail to be stamped with universal condemnation. It is a proposition that the people of the United States, who own four-fifths of the national obligations, shall, by their own deliberate act, rob and ruin themselves, and at the same time cover the nation with inexpressible and inextinguishable disgrace."

GREEK AND ITALY.—At a recent party one of the candles was leaning slightly. Blifkins who boasts of his geography, remarked that it represented the Tower of Pisa. "Yes," said the facetious Snifkins, "except that one is a tower in Italy, and the other is a tower in grease."

I wish I could prevail on neighbor Rinder to keep the Sabbath," said good old Mr. Jones. "I tell you how to do it," exclaimed young Smith—"get somebody to lend it to him, and I'll be bound he'll keep it. He was never yet known to return anything that he borrowed."

A miss in Portland was reading the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, when she suddenly paused and began laughing. "Well, what did they forget?" asked the teacher, encouragingly—"They forgot their kerosene."

"Do you understand me now?" thundered a country pedagogue to an urchin at whose head he threw an inkstand. "I've got an ink-ling of what you mean," replied the boy.

DEFIANT.—An aged, bald-headed teacher, told an impudent boy the story of Elijah and the bears. When he had done, the boy said, "Go up, bald-head—now bring on your bears."

MAY BE.—People may be instructed by those who have less sense than themselves—as a man may be guided by a finger board that has no sense at all.

AN ETHIOPIAN CORMORANT.—An Alexandrian negro recently ate eighty biscuits on a wager. He still lives.